

## **Bewitched, Bothered, And Bewildered by AMKelley**

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**Summary:** Butch wakes up to weird noises coming from Henry's room and decides to see what his son is up to. He doesn't expect to find that.

## Bewitched, Bothered, And Bewildered

**Warning(s): AU, PWP, sexual content, underage, riding, lap sex, homophobic/derogatory language, voyeurism**

***Please heed the warnings. Butch is pretty homophobic in this story because he's a piece of shit. In fact, all characters involved are pretty shitty, but that is a given.***

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Butch had been passed out in his armchair with a decent supply of empty beer cans and bottles collecting around him on the end table and at his feet. It wasn't uncommon for Butch to drink himself to sleep after a long shift and it usually kept him unconscious well into the middle of the night, but something roused him out of his slumber tonight. Butch inhaled sharply as he was taken out of a deep REM and became slightly disoriented when he woke up too suddenly.

At first he thought it might be his no good son slinking in through his bedroom window. He knew Henry snuck out on school nights, despite the numerous times he's tanned Henry's hide for doing so. But Henry had come home earlier, hadn't he? Butch distinctly remembered Henry wandering in earlier in the evening with a timid expression on his face like he just got caught with his hand in the cookie jar. It was always so amusing to see Henry chill the fuck out whenever his old man was around.

He heard the noise again, more hushed this time but unmistakable nonetheless. Butch glanced over at the clock, the hour an ungodly one in the morning, and dragged himself out of the chair. He wobbled a little at first since he was still buzzed, but regained his composure before he went to find the source of the sound. Butch decided it had to be coming from Henry's room since he was the only other person in the house and slowly made his way down the hall.

By the time he made it halfway to Henry's room the noises were all but soft murmurs with an occasional spike in volume and even in his blitzed state Butch knew what it was. Butch didn't know how or when Henry had snuck a girl in or how he should feel about his son having sex, but his curiosity got the better of him. Henry was under

*his* roof after all and he had a right to know what his son was getting up to when he thought Butch was none the wiser.

When he reached his son's room he was surprised to see the door was already slightly ajar, but even more surprised when he peeked inside and saw who was making those sounds. Butch honestly didn't know how to react when he first caught wind as to what was happening and who was involved. He simply stood there peeking in through the crack in the door completely gobsmacked. It could be the alcohol in his system making it hard for him to process what was going on or maybe he just genuinely had no clue how he felt.

Henry had someone in his room alright and he was having sex, but it wasn't who he'd been expecting to see. He could see Henry sitting on his bed, nearly fully clothed with the exception of his pants that were pulled down around his ankles, with a *very* naked and overzealous Patrick Hockstetter settled on his lap. Patrick had Henry's face cupped in his hands so that he could stare deeply into his eyes while Henry's hands were all over Patrick's lithe body. Namely his hips and flat chest.

The way Henry kneaded at Patrick's body was almost timid in a way. It's like he was expecting to feel a pair of tits but instead it was Patrick's bare, flat chest. The boy was so skinny and bony that Henry could never convince himself that Patrick was a girl. Then again, Henry didn't know what a girl felt like either way. He caressed Patrick with an almost childlike wonder, dumbfounded in the way Patrick moved in his lap.

Butch had always suspected that Patrick was a queer simply because of the way he had stared at Henry, especially whenever he saw his son bullying that stuttering Denbrough kid and his loser friends. There was a somewhat unsettling excitement in Patrick's eyes when his son was being exceptionally cruel. He didn't like the idea of his son being a faggot, let alone fucking that creepy Hockstetter boy, but Butch couldn't bring himself to look away or break up the scene before him.

Butch watched through the crack as Patrick humped himself against Henry's groin, panting softly and not bothering to mask his moans. That had been the sound that woke Butch up. Patrick was loud as he

fucked himself on Henry's cock, whether it was exaggerated and on purpose or genuine was lost on Butch. Every so often Henry would cover Patrick's mouth with his palm and shush him sternly.

"Shut up," Henry gasped harshly under his breath. "You're gonna wake up my dad, you loud *whore*."

"Fuck you," Patrick spat back when he craned his head back away from Henry's iron grasp. "I thought you like it when I'm a dirty little whore."

"Shut the *fuck* up and do the only thing you're good for," Henry reiterated with a low growl.

He followed this up with a swift yank on Patrick's hair, causing the other boy to let out a softer moan that was more muted this time around. Butch was kind of impressed when Henry finally asserted himself and made Patrick obey him. Furious that his son was a fucking homo, but mildly relieved that Henry wasn't the one taking it like a bitch. Patrick was more than eager to take up that role, judging by the way he rode Henry's cock with reckless abandon.

Butch could tell it wasn't Patrick's first time either. For Henry, *maybe*, but Patrick was a slut for sure. Butch knew the type. He's seen all kinds of people come in through the police station and could sniff out a fag or a slut like it was his momma's Thanksgiving dinner, God rest her soul. If only she could see her faggy grandson now. She'd be rolling in her grave. Yet here *he* was watching his son fuck another boy up the ass.

He couldn't really be bothered to explain *why* he was so adamant on witnessing sodomy involving his fuck up of a son, but Butch was transfixed anyway. Patrick was smooth and lean and moaning softly like a girl losing her virginity. He was almost feminine in the way he presented himself to Henry, but masculine with how he took control and bounced on Henry's lap with fervent intensity. Patrick even had to hang onto Henry's shoulders with his sweaty palms just to keep from falling off completely. He was like a cowboy riding a bull with how hard he was riding.

It was amazing Butch hadn't heard the squeaky bed springs and the

sound of skin colliding with skin before the moaning, to be honest. Maybe Patrick hadn't been going rough up until now. Just as this thought crossed his mind, Butch looked up and realized Patrick had been staring at him. His gaze was piercing and gave Butch the creeps, but his expression was hooded and he looked sultry as all hell.

Patrick pressed in close to Henry, grabbing the back of his head to keep his face hidden in the crook of his neck, and looked over at Mr. Bowers who had been peeking in through the ajar door. There was a smirk on his face, almost sadistic in quality, and he bit his lip in a tempting manner as he held Butch's gaze and impaled himself on the younger Bowers' cock. Any other person would have been mortified by the sudden presence of Butch Bowers, but Patrick wasn't any other person.

"Oh, yeah. Just like that," Patrick egged on into the other boy's ear. He made even more exaggerated moans and held onto Henry tightly. "You like how my ass feels around that big cock of yours?"

Patrick kept eye contact with Butch all while he whispered these filthy things into Henry's ear, testing his luck with how much he could get away with before Butch busted down the door and beat the tar out of both of them. That didn't dissuade Patrick in anyway however, because he was too turned on by his current audience. It actually made Patrick's cock leak more at the knowledge of Mr. Bowers watching him ride his son.

"Pull my hair," Patrick practically whined, turning his head further to the side so Butch could get a better look at him.

Henry obliged Patrick's request and tangled a hand in the tall boy's hair. Butch could only see the scene played out from the side, but it was enough. He didn't have a good view of Patrick's ass, but Patrick's long, lean body was still on display for him even when the two boys were pressed close together. Not that that mattered in the slightest, seeing as how Butch *detested* the sight of his son being a homo with that whorish Hockstetter faggot. Still, Butch couldn't deny the fact that there was a certain appeal that Patrick had.

Maybe it was because he was, for all intents and purposes, *taking it like a man* despite being the girl in the situation. Plus, Patrick wasn't

a cowering sissy at the sight of him, which Butch lowkey respected. Then again Patrick could just be a masochist hoping Butch will come in here and beat the shit out of him, maybe even fuck him himself just to show Henry how to do it correctly. Who knows.

"*Fuck,*" Henry swore under his breath, gasping. He yanked back on Patrick's hair, exposing his neck. "I'm so fucking close."

"Come inside me," Patrick begged, making sure to stare directly into Butch's hard gaze. "Use me like a whore and bust inside of my ass."

Henry's hands went to Patrick's hips and he pulled back a little so Patrick could stroke his cock vigorously as he rode Henry hard. Hushed whimpering and moaning was being pushed out of Patrick, breath hitching whenever he plopped back down on Henry's pulsating cock, until he felt Henry coating his insides with hot come. Patrick couldn't help but let out an honest to God *cry* of ecstasy, coming all over his fist as he did so.

No matter how much Butch tried to deny it, the sight and sound of Patrick getting his tight little ass full of come and busting his own load just moments after was enough to make his cock stir inside his uniform pants. Judging by the smug, wide smirk on Patrick's face, the Hockstetter boy was aware of this. It's like the kid had a knack for enticing people. He was like a siren those old fishermen used to talk about back in the old days. Except Patrick was a fifteen year old boy who had a penchant for getting off on torturing small animals and kids alike.

He was sadistic as he was alluring and he gave even the most resolute of queer hating low lifes like Butch a hard on.

Henry pulled Patrick down by his hair to silence his donkey like braying with a sloppy, vicious kiss that mostly consisted of teeth. But Patrick angled his head in such a way to where he kept eye contact with Butch, even as the young Bowers twitched and pumped all of his come into his quivering channel. Butch could plainly see Patrick still stroking his own cock, squeezing it tightly to wring out the rest of his release to let it dribble over his long fingers.

Butch was almost disgusted in the way Patrick was so sure about the

whole situation, smirking because he knew Butch wasn't going to do anything. Not after witnessing *that*. Patrick could have murdered someone right in front of Butch and Butch would probably let him get away with it by that smile alone. If anything, the only reason Butch was even getting off on this in the first place is because he was imagining taking Patrick for himself just to make him scream. See how much he likes it rough after that.

But the thought came and went when Patrick finally looked away to nuzzle Henry instead. There were a few hushed words between the two but Butch couldn't quite make it out. He had a headache now from all the beer he chugged down earlier and his cock was painfully erect in his pants, begging for attention. All Butch wanted was to go to bed and forget this whole thing happened. But even as he went to his bedroom, laid down, and relieved himself with his own hand all he could think about was Patrick in the next room over with his son's release dripping out of his filthy little hole.

And Butch *despised* himself because he wished he had been the one to put it there in the first place.